

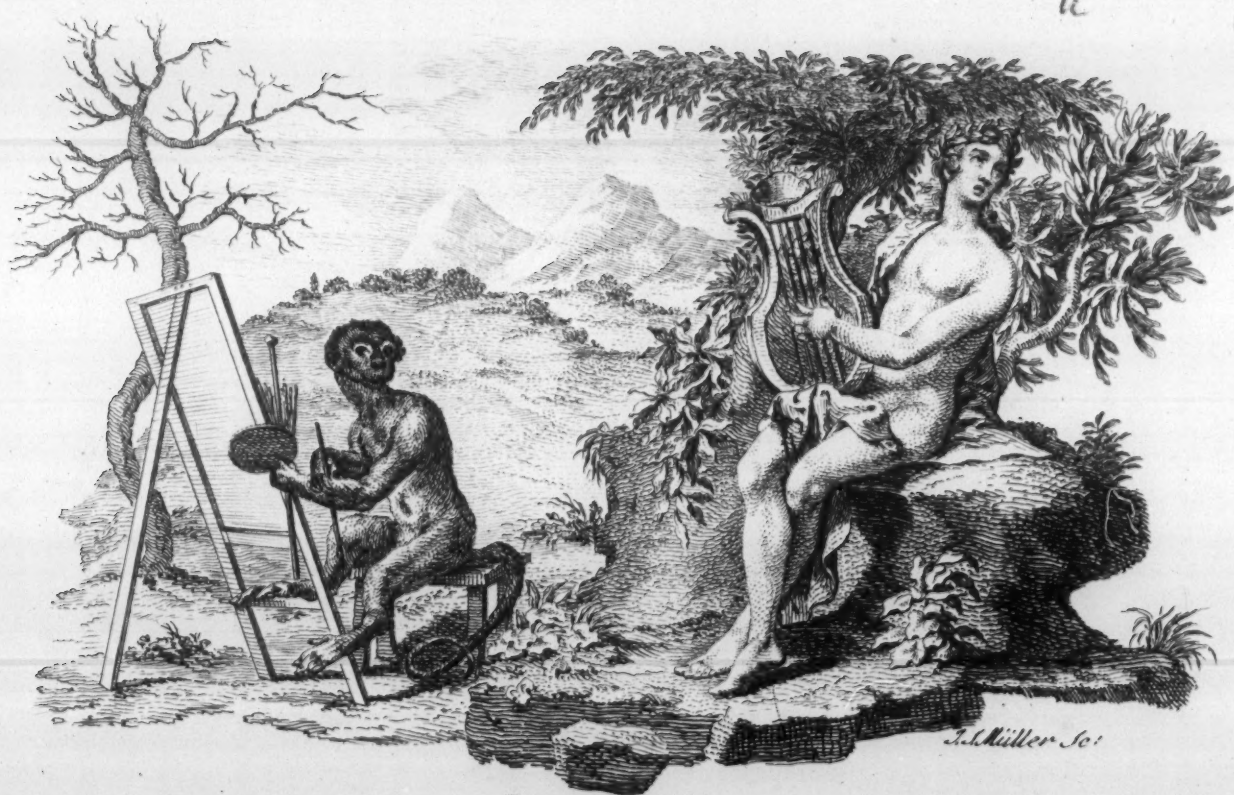
1870. b. 18.

DESIGNS, &c.



DESIGNS
BY
Mr. R. BENTLEY,
FOR SIX
POEMS

BY
Mr. T. GRAY.

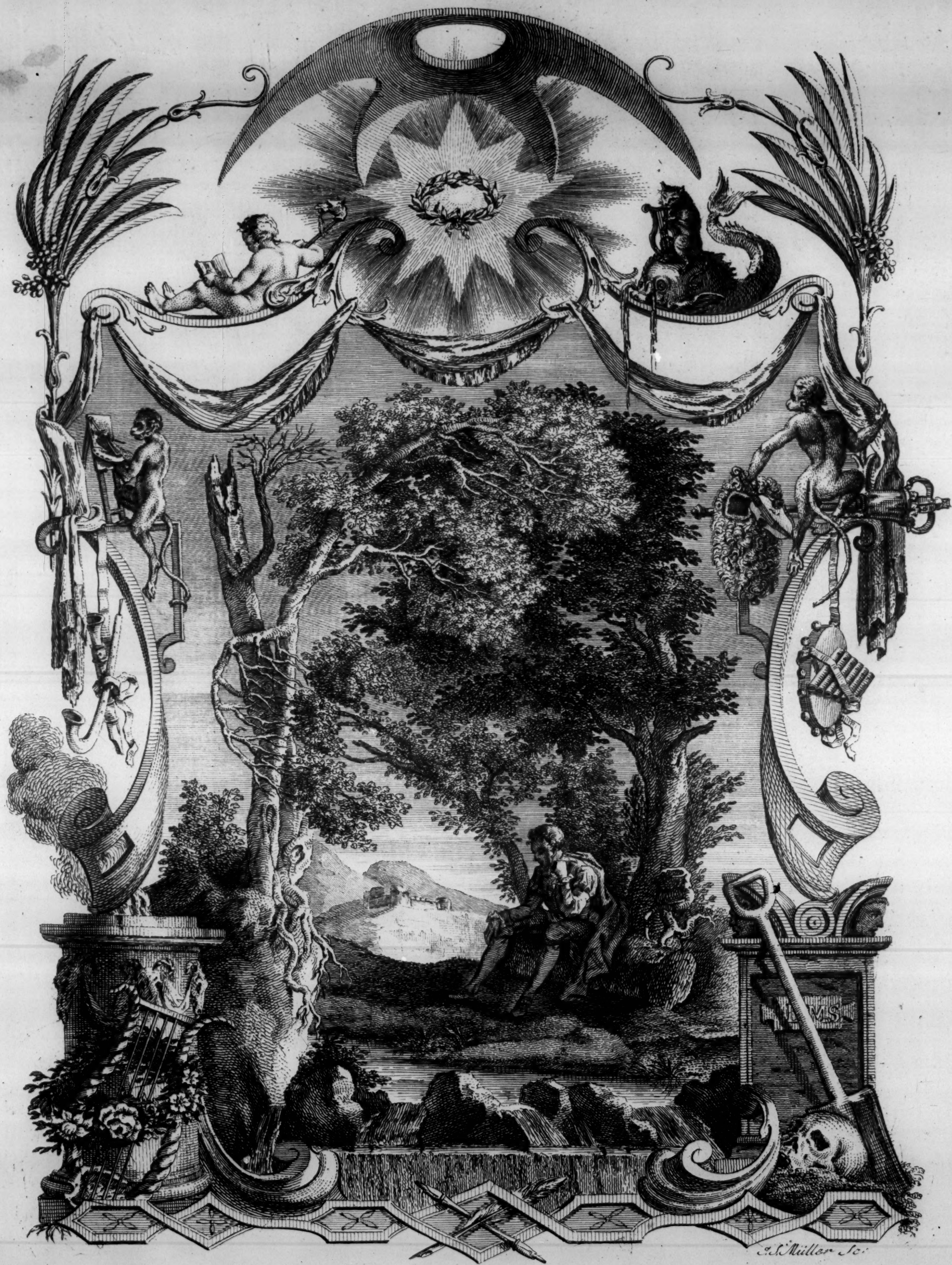


LONDON:
Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.

MDCCLXXV.







EXPLANATION

OF THE

PRINTS.

ODE on the SPRING.

FRONTISPIECE.

A Figure musing, &c. The ornaments allude to the chief subjects of the poems, as the altar, chaplet of flowers, and rustic pipe, to this ode: a boy with a hobby-horse and a book, to that on Eton: a cat-Arion, or a cat with a lyre sitting on a dolphin's back, to that line on the death of a cat,

No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:

a monkey with a violin and lawyer's wig, to my lord keeper Hatton's dancing, in the Long Story: a Roman sepulchral altar inscribed *Diis Manibus Sacrum*, with a spade and skull, to the elegy. The monkey painting, the lyre, the pen and crayon, are allusive to the poems and drawings.

HEADPIECE.] The Graces and Zephyrs sporting.

INITIAL LETTER.] Flowers.

TAILPIECE.] A landscape with herds repofing.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS.

ODE on the Death of a Favourite CAT.

FRONTISPIECE.

THE cat standing on the brim of the tub, and endeavouring to catch a gold fish. Two cariatides of a river god stopping his ears to her cries, and Destiny cutting the nine threads of life, are on each side. Above, is a cat's head between two expiring lamps, and over that, two mouse-traps, between a mandarin-cat sitting before a Chinese pagoda, and angling for gold fish into a china jar; and another cat drawing up a net. At the bottom are mice enjoying themselves on the prospect of the cat's death; a lyre and pallet.

HEADPIECE.] The cat almost drowned in the tub. A standish on a table to write her elegy. Two cats as mourners with hatbands and staves. Dead birds, mice, and fish hung up on each side.

INITIAL LETTER.] The cat, demurest of the tabby kind, dozing in an elbow chair.

TAILPIECE.] Charon ferrying over the ghost of the deceased cat, who sets up her back on seeing Cerberus on the shore.



ODE on the distant Prospect of ETON.

FRONTISPIECE.

BOYS at their sports, near the chapel of Eton, the god of the Thames sitting by: the passions, misfortunes, and diseases, coming down upon them. On either side, terms representing Jealousy and Madness. Above is a head of Folly: beneath, are play-things intermixed with thorns, a sword, a serpent, and a scorpion.

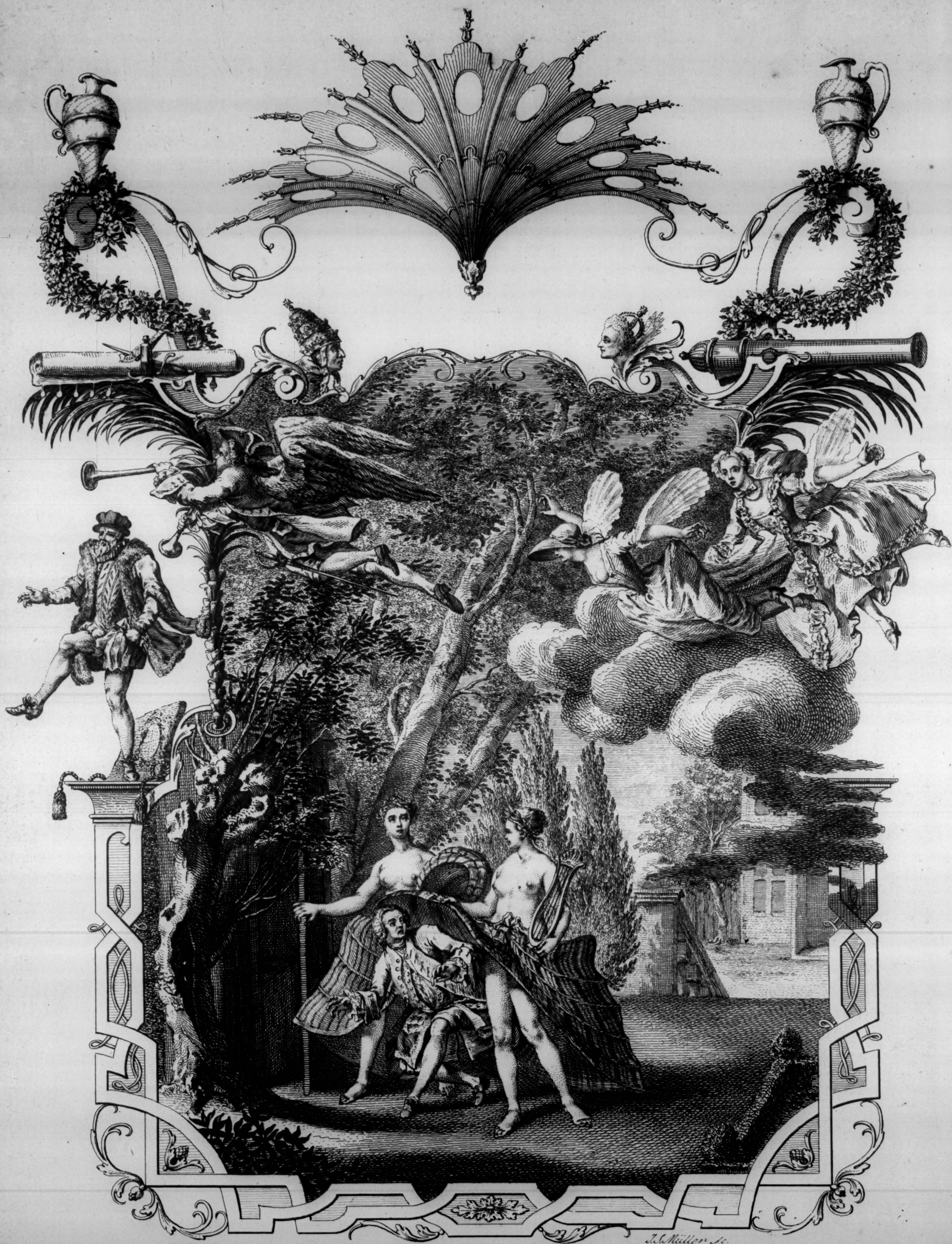










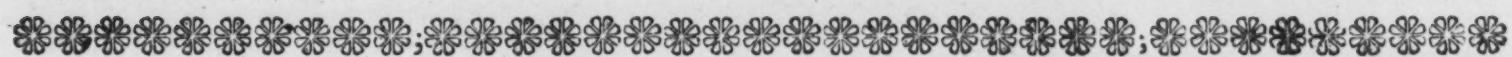


EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS.

HEADPIECE.] Science adoring the shade of Henry VIth. Two angels bearing shields inscribed with that king's name support a Gothic building, in allusion to his foundations at Eton and Cambridge.

INITIAL LETTER.] Part of Windsor-castle.

TAILPIECE.] Two boys drest in watermen's cloaths, rowing another. A view of Eton college at a distance.



THE LONG STORY.

FRONTISPIECE.

THE Muses conveying the Poet under their hoops to a small closet in the garden. Fame in the shape of Mr. P--- is flying before; and after him the two female warriors, as described in the verses. On one side is my lord keeper Hatton dancing; and among the ornaments are the heads of the Pope and queen Elizabeth nodding at one another; behind him is a papal bull, a phial of sublimate, a dagger, and a crucifix; behind her the cannon called Queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol.

HEADPIECE.] A view of the house which formerly belonged to the earls of Huntingdon and lord keeper Hatton.

INITIAL LETTER.] A coronet, fan, muff, and tippet, in the manner of Hollar.

TAILPIECE.] Ghosts of ancient ladies and old maids, peeping over the gallery.

H Y M N

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS.

HYMN to ADVERSITY.

FRONTISPIECE.

JUPITER delivering infant Virtue to Adversity to be educated.
Minerva and Hercules on each side.

HEADPIECE.] Adversity disturbing the Orgies of Folly, Noise, and
Laughter.

INITIAL LETTER.] A Gorgon's head, and instruments of punishment.

TAILPIECE.] Melancholy.



ELEGY Written in a Country Church-yard.

FRONTISPIECE.

A Gothic gateway in ruins with the emblems of nobility on one
side; on the other, the implements and employments of the
Poor. Thro' the arch appears a church-yard, and village-
church built out of the remains of an abbey. A countryman
showing an epitaph to a passenger.

HEADPIECE.] Country-labours.

INITIAL LETTER.] An owl disturbed and flying from a ruinous tower.

TAILPIECE.] A country burial. At bottom, a torch fallen into an
ancient vault.

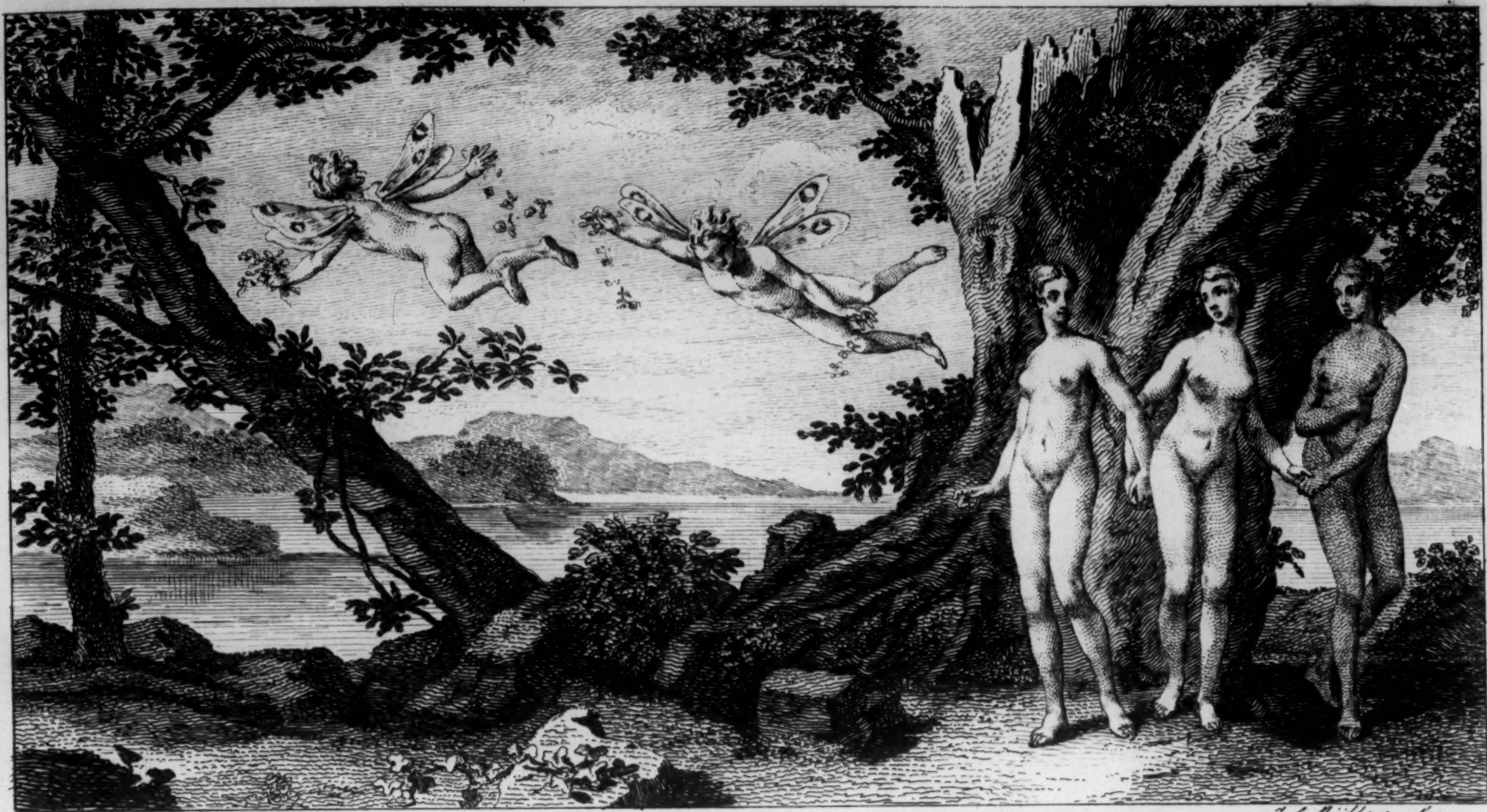




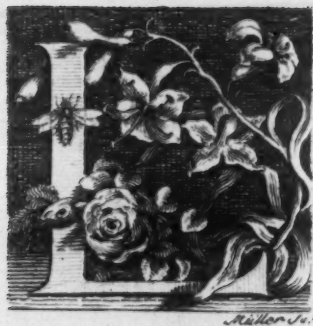


C. Gronow sculp.





O D E.

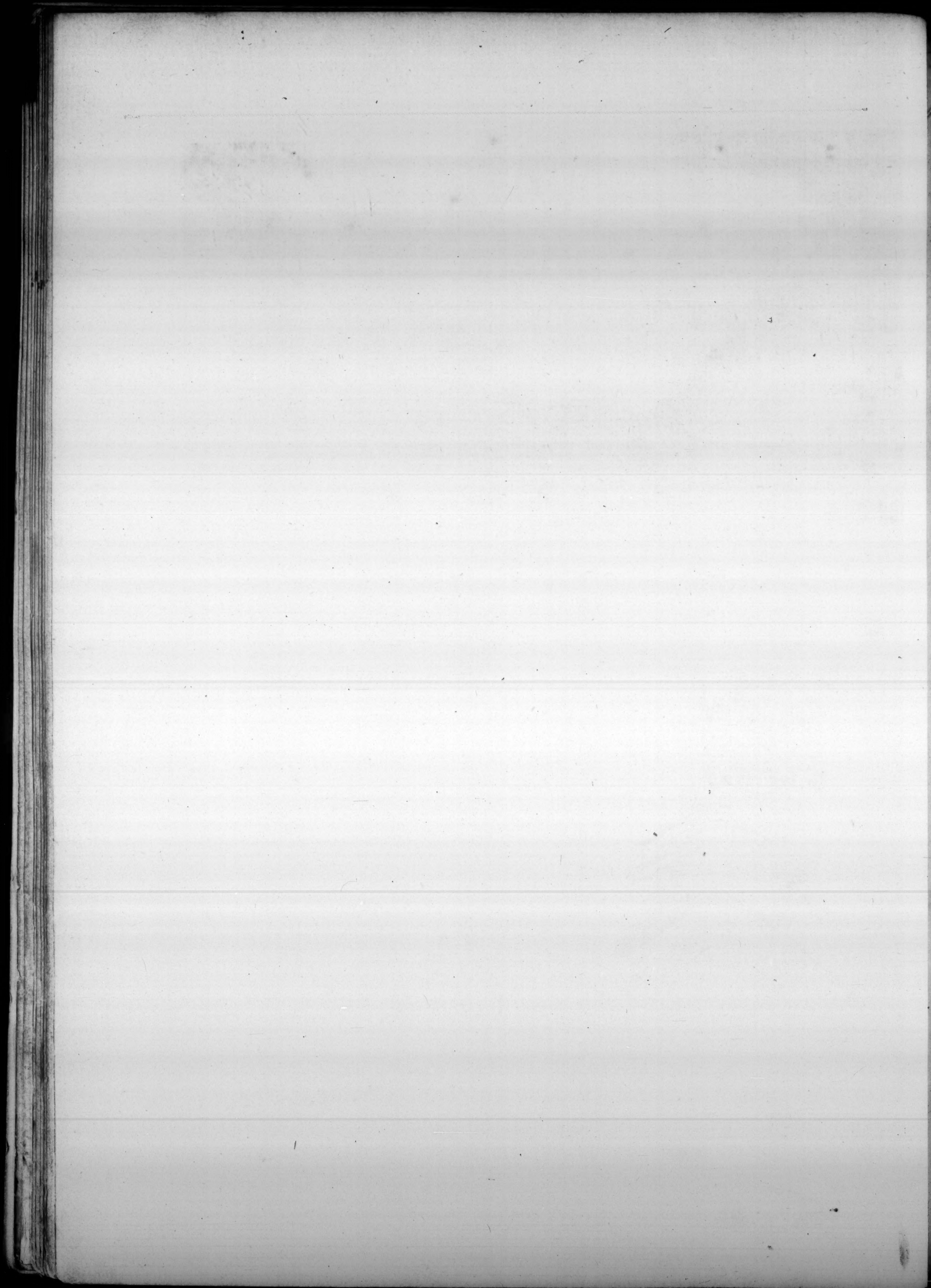


O! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair VENUS' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!

The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

c

Where-e'er



Where-e'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader browner shade ;
 Where-e'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade ;
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
 How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
 How low, how little are the Proud,
 How indigent the Great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care :
 The panting herds repose :
 Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows !
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honied spring,

And

And float amid the liquid noon :
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some shew their gayly-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

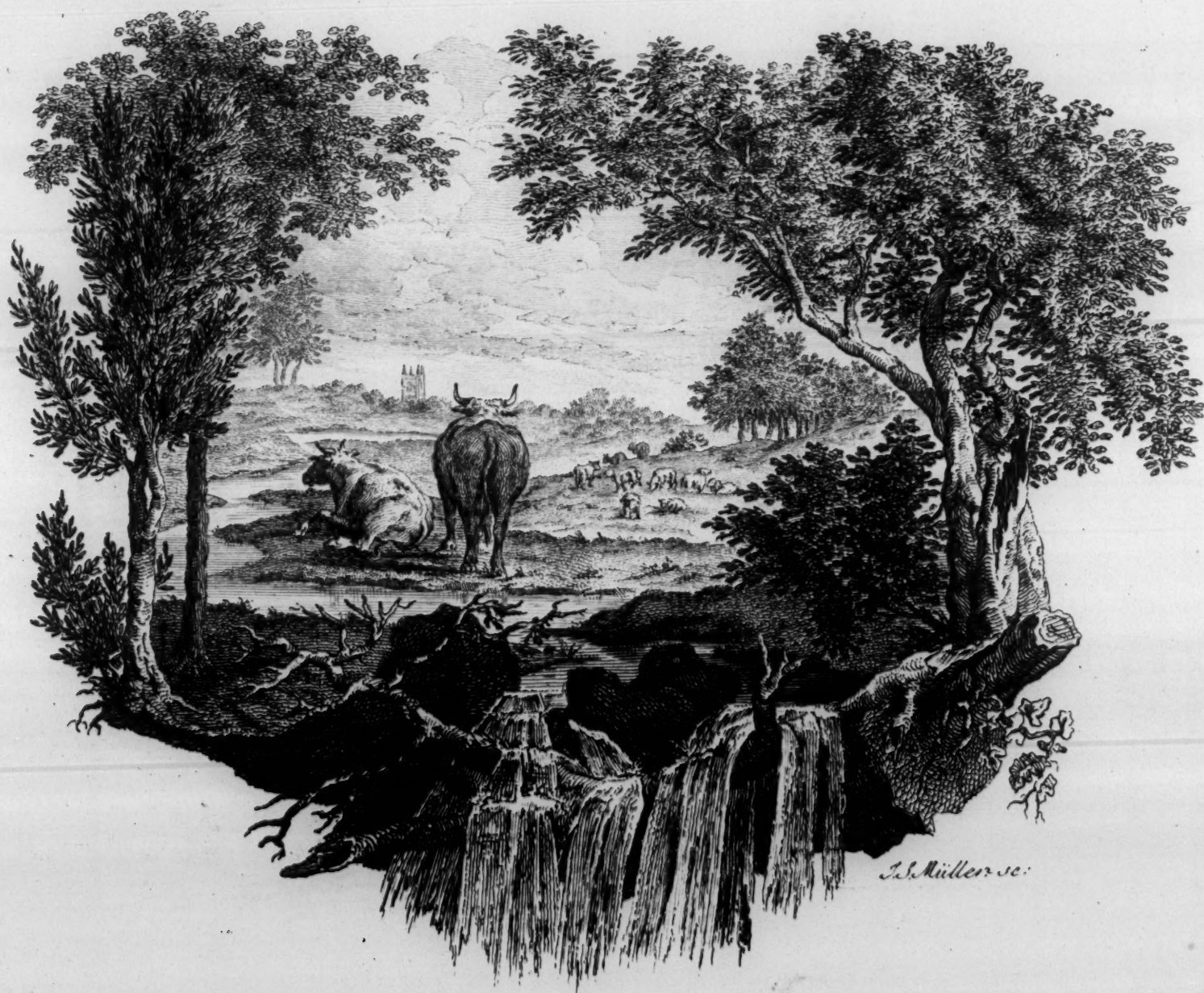
To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of Man :
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the Busy and the Gay
 But flutter thro' life's little day,
 In fortune's varying colours drest :
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
 Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
 The sportive kind reply :
 Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly !

d

Thy

Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display :
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone----
We frolick, while 'tis May.





O D E

On the Death of a Favourite C A T,
Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.



W A S on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow ;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw ; and purr'd applause.

e

Still

Still had she gaz'd: but midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream:
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
 Thro' richest purple to the view
 Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:
 A whisker first and then a claw,
 With many an ardent wish,
 She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
 What female heart can gold despise?
 What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between.
 (Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
 The flipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
 She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
 She mew'd to every wat'ry God,
 Some speedy aid to send.

No

No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd :
Nor cruel *Tom*, or *Susan* heard.
A Fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

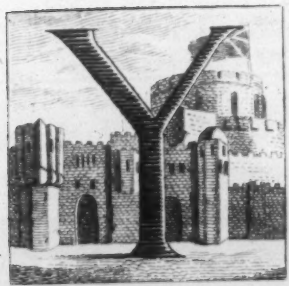




O D E

On a Distant Prospect of

E T O N C O L L E G E.



E distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her HENRY's holy Shade;

And ye, that from the stately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah

Ah happy rills, ah pleasing shade,
 Ah fields belov'd in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green
 The paths of pleasure trace,
 Who foremost now delight to cleave
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

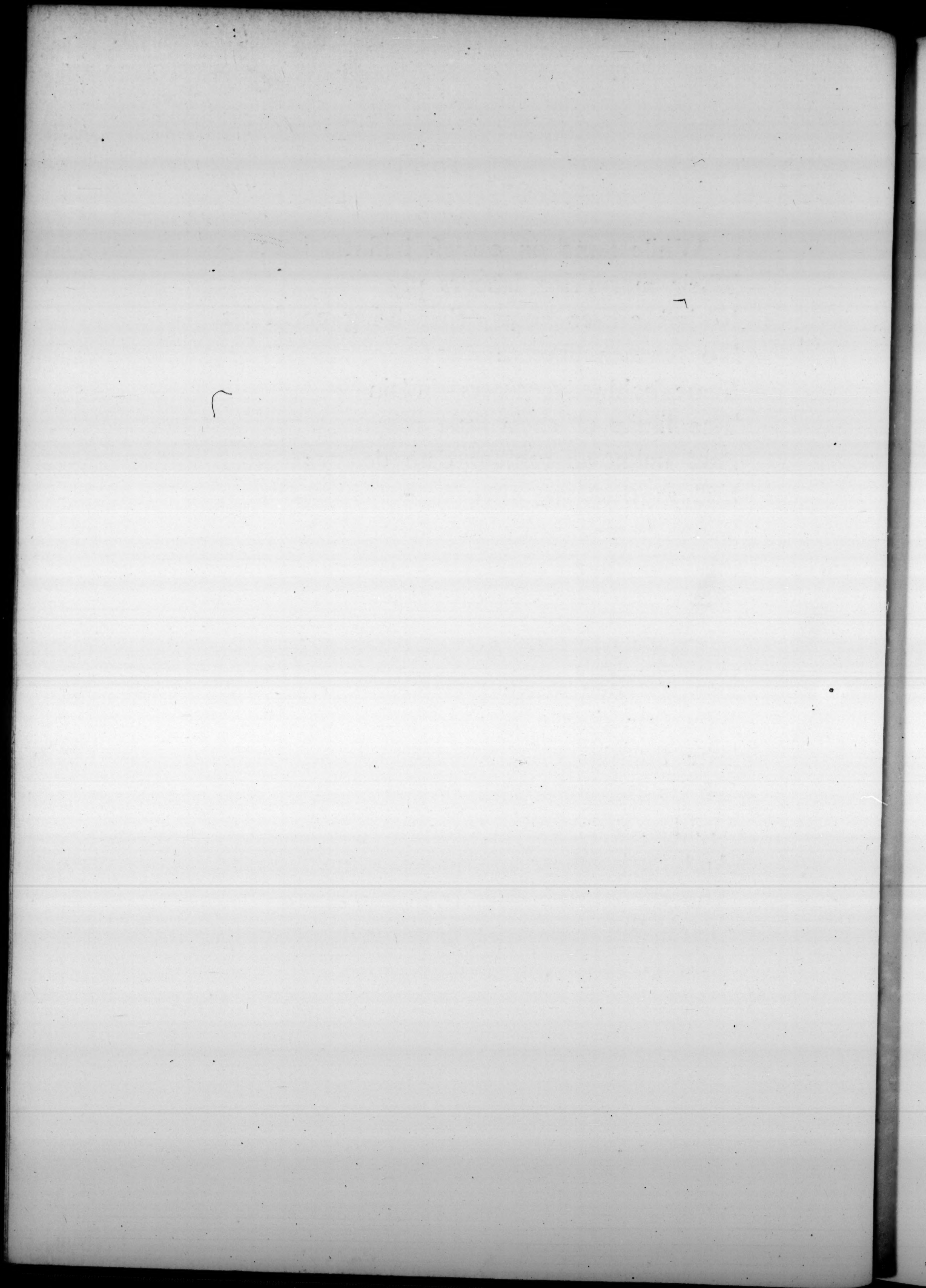
g

While

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murm'ring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty :
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry :
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast :
 Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively chear of vigour born ;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas,

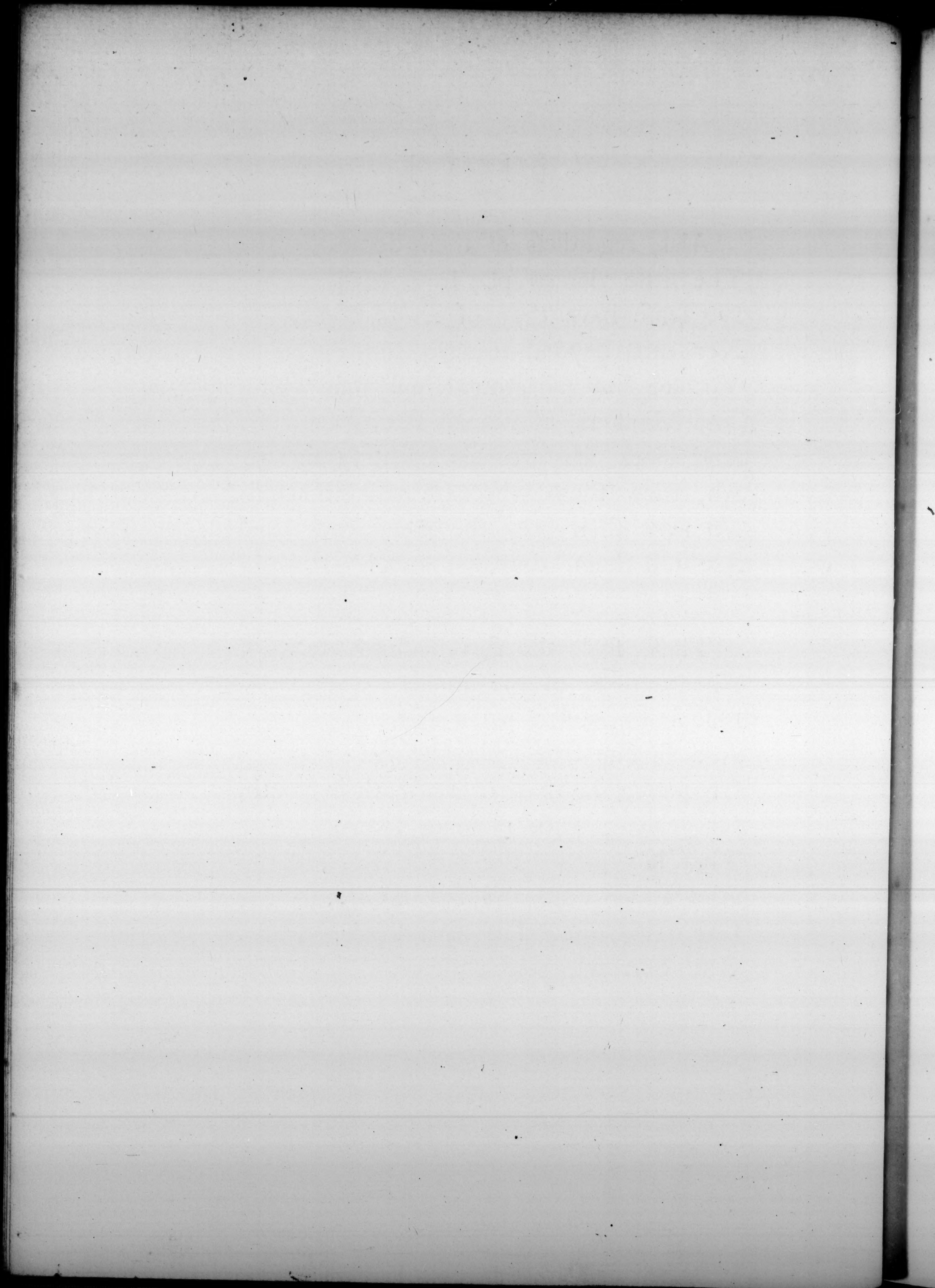


Alas, regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play!
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day:
 Yet see how all around 'em wait
 The Ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
 To seize their prey the murth'rous band!
 Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that sculks behind;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

h

Ambition



Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
 And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amidst severest woe.

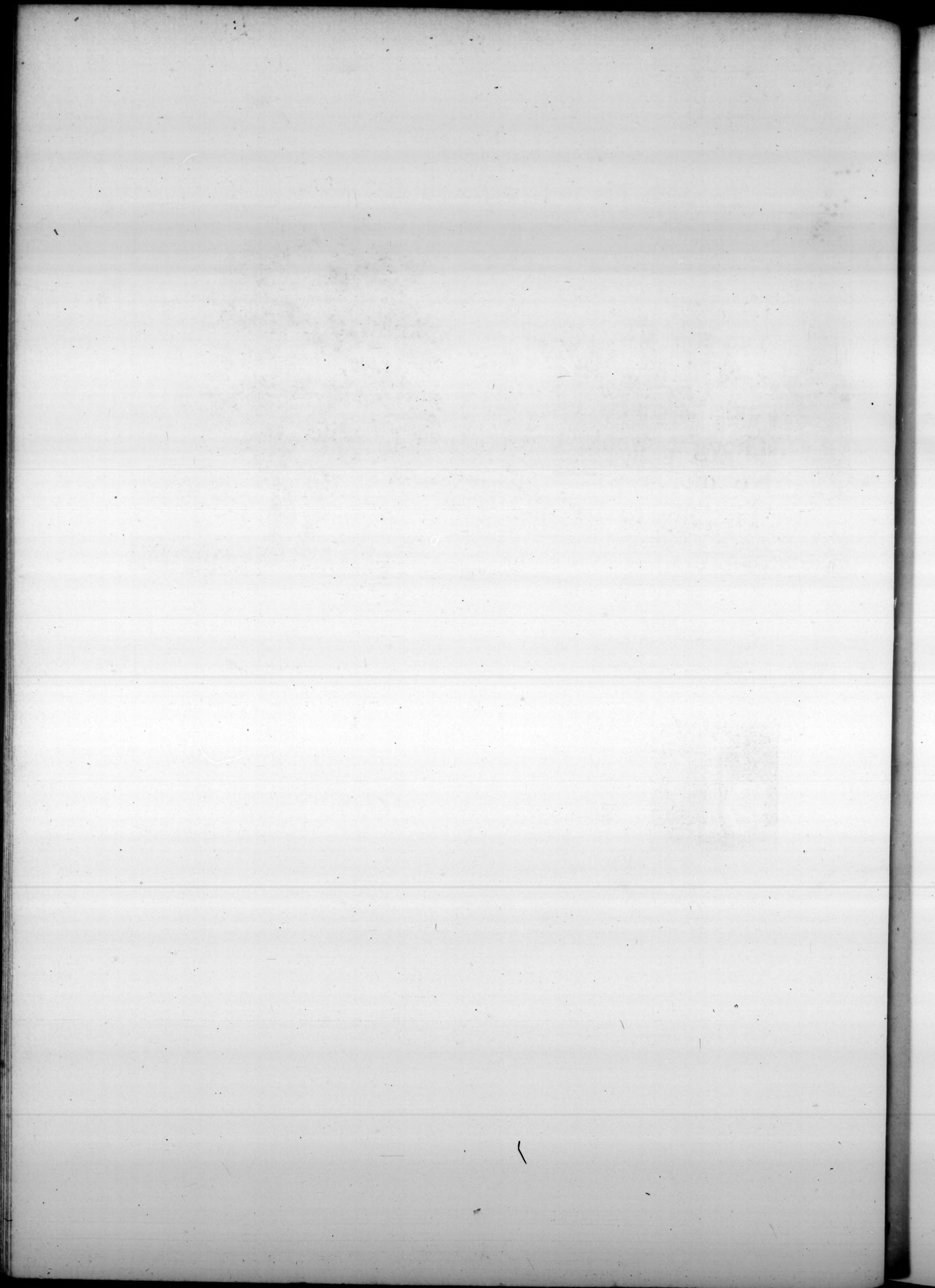
Lo, in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their Queen:
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age.

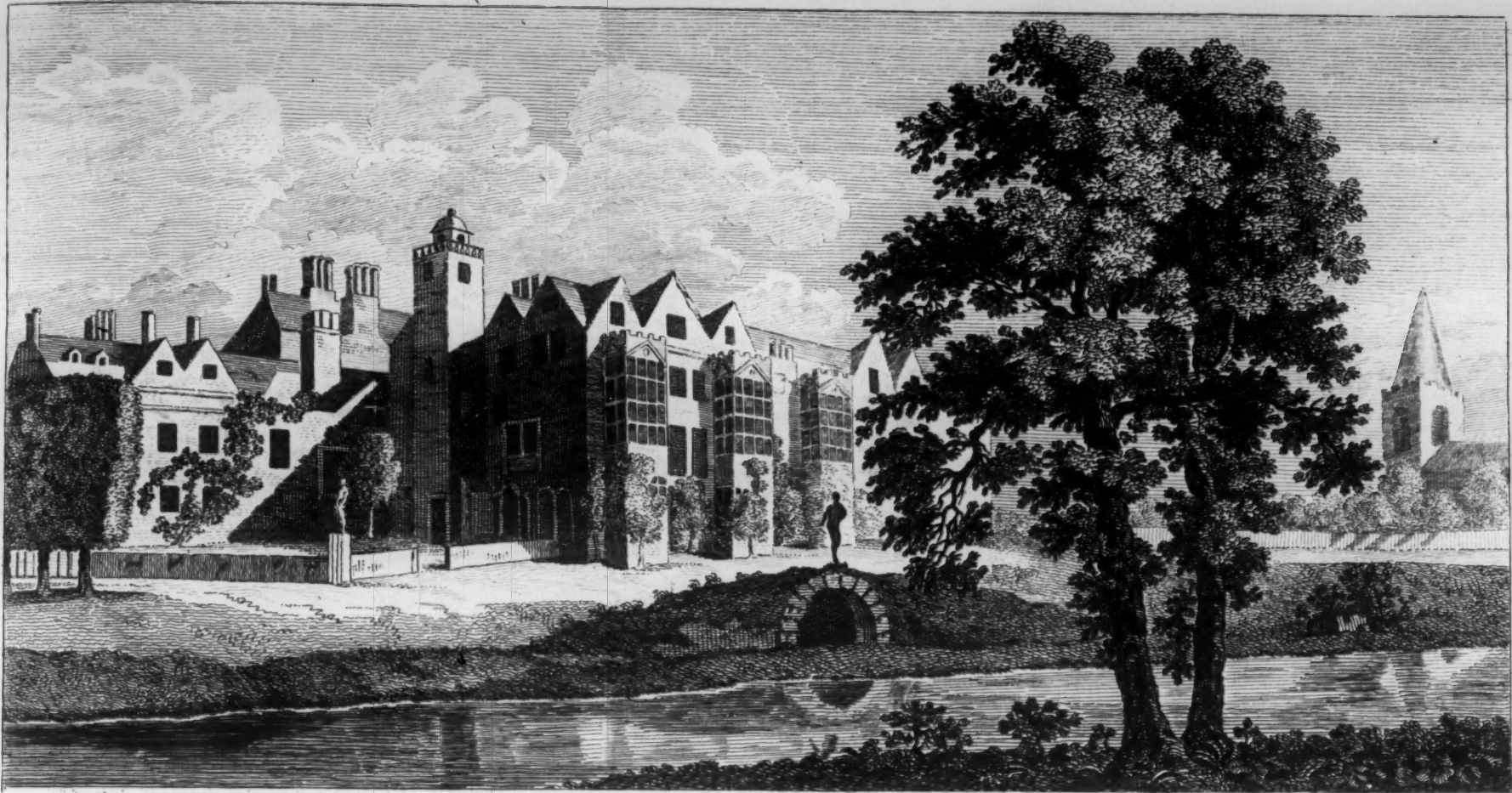
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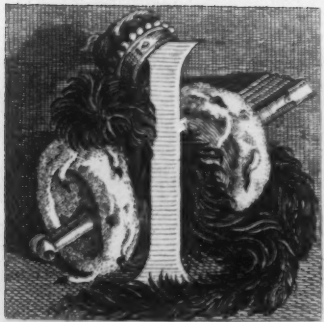
To each his suff'rings: all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan,
 The tender for another's pain;
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies.
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more; where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.







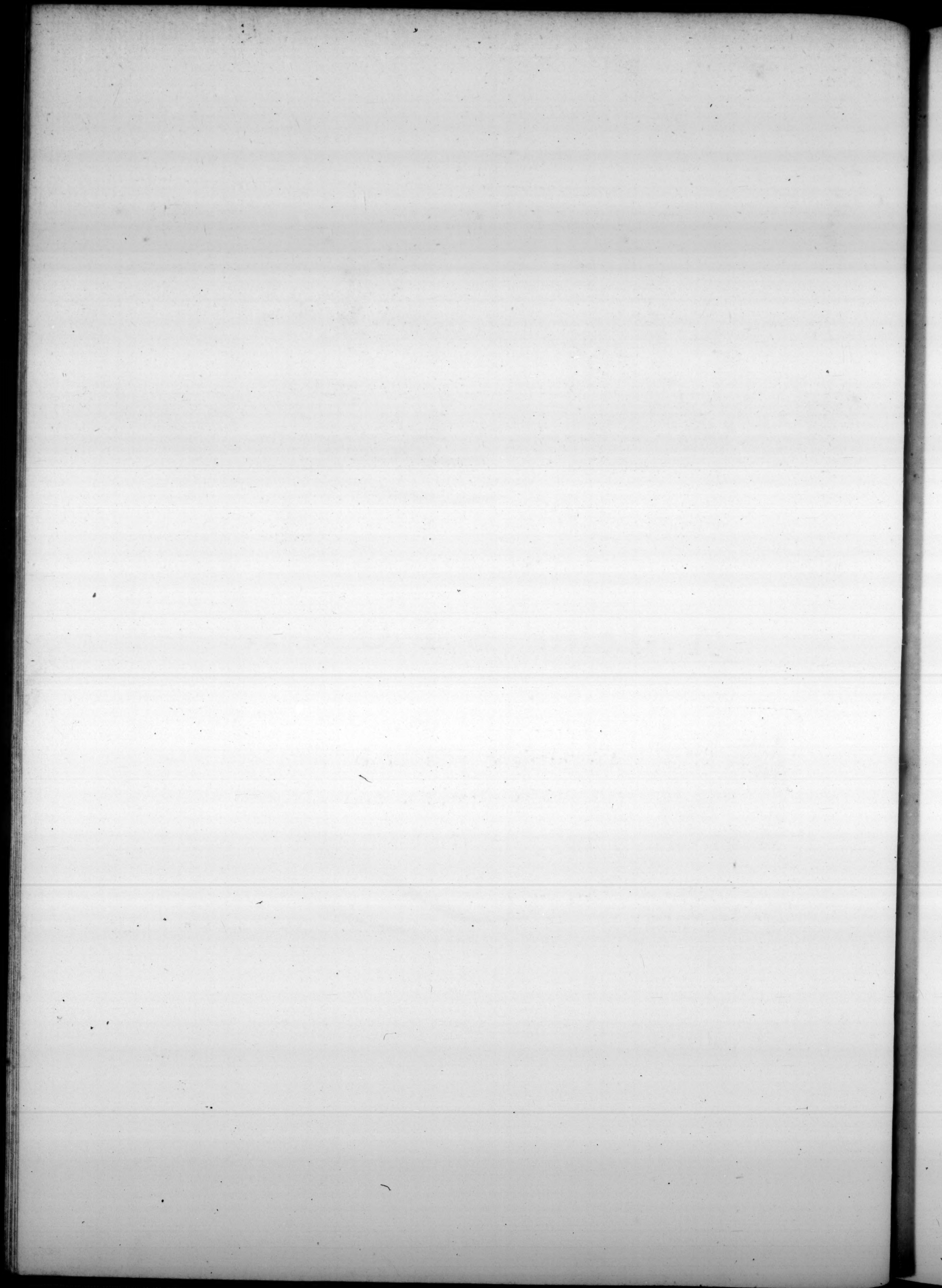
A LONG STORY.



IN BRITAIN'S Isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands :
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of Fairy hands

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each pannel in achievements cloathing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing.

Full



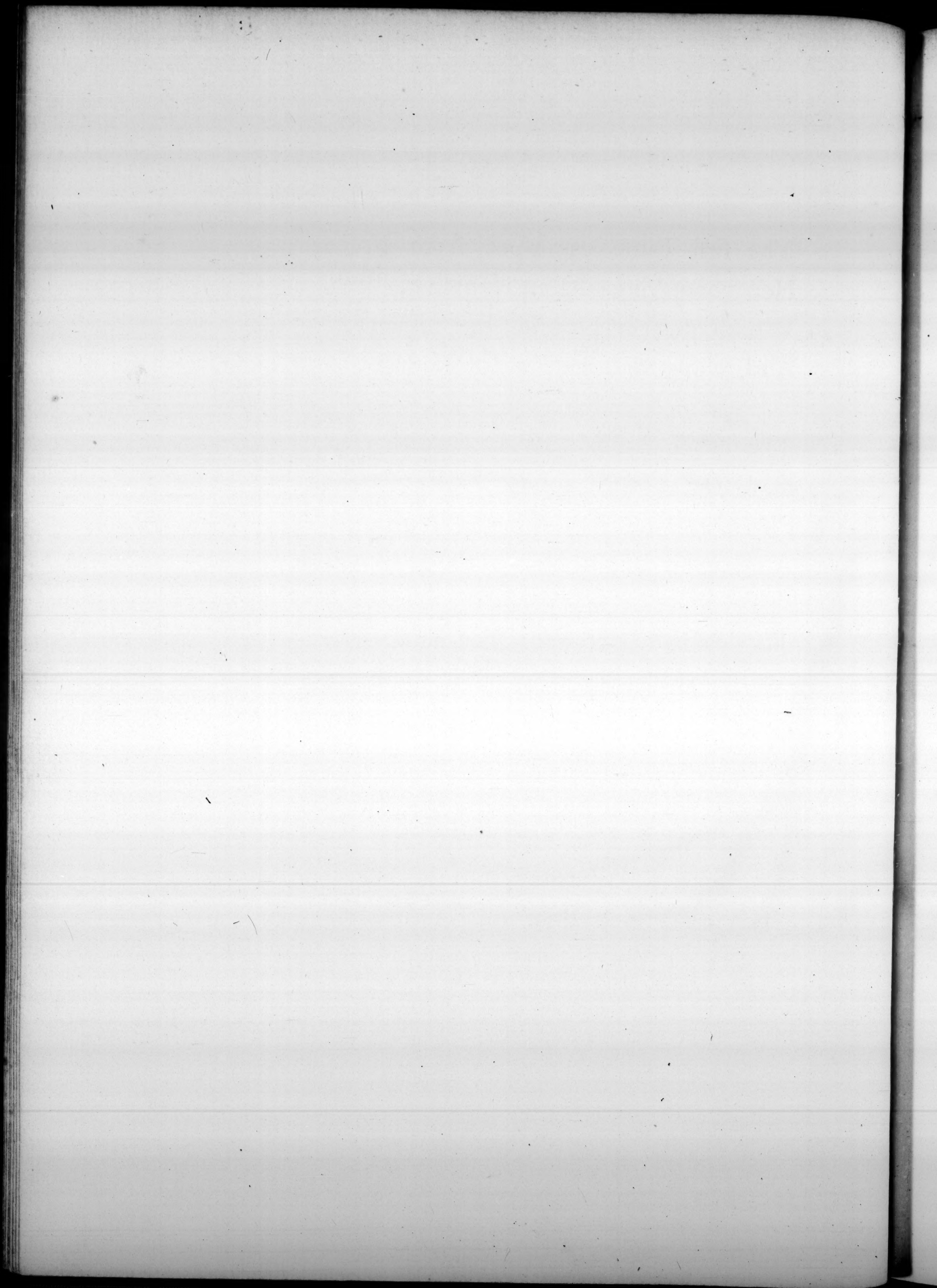
Full oft within the spacious walls,
 When he had fifty winters o'er him,
 My grave *Lord-Keeper led the Brawls:
 The Seal, and Maces, danc'd before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
 His high-crown'd hat, and fatin doublet,
 Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
 Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
 Shame of the versifying tribe!
 Your Hist'ry whither are you spinning?
 Can you do nothing but describe?

A House there is, (and that's enough)
 From whence one fatal morning issues
 A brace of Warriors, not in buff,
 But rustling in their silks and tiffues.

* Hatton, prefer'd by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine Dancing.



The first came cap-a-pee from France
Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind Heaven
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire :
But COBHAM had the polish given,
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air-----
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her.
Melissa is her Nom de Guerre.
Alas, who would not wish to please her !

With bonnet blue and capucine,
And aprons long they hid their armour,
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen
In pity to the country-farmer.

Fame

Fame in the shape of Mr. P---t
 (By this time all the Parish know it)
 Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd
 A wicked Imp they call a Poet,

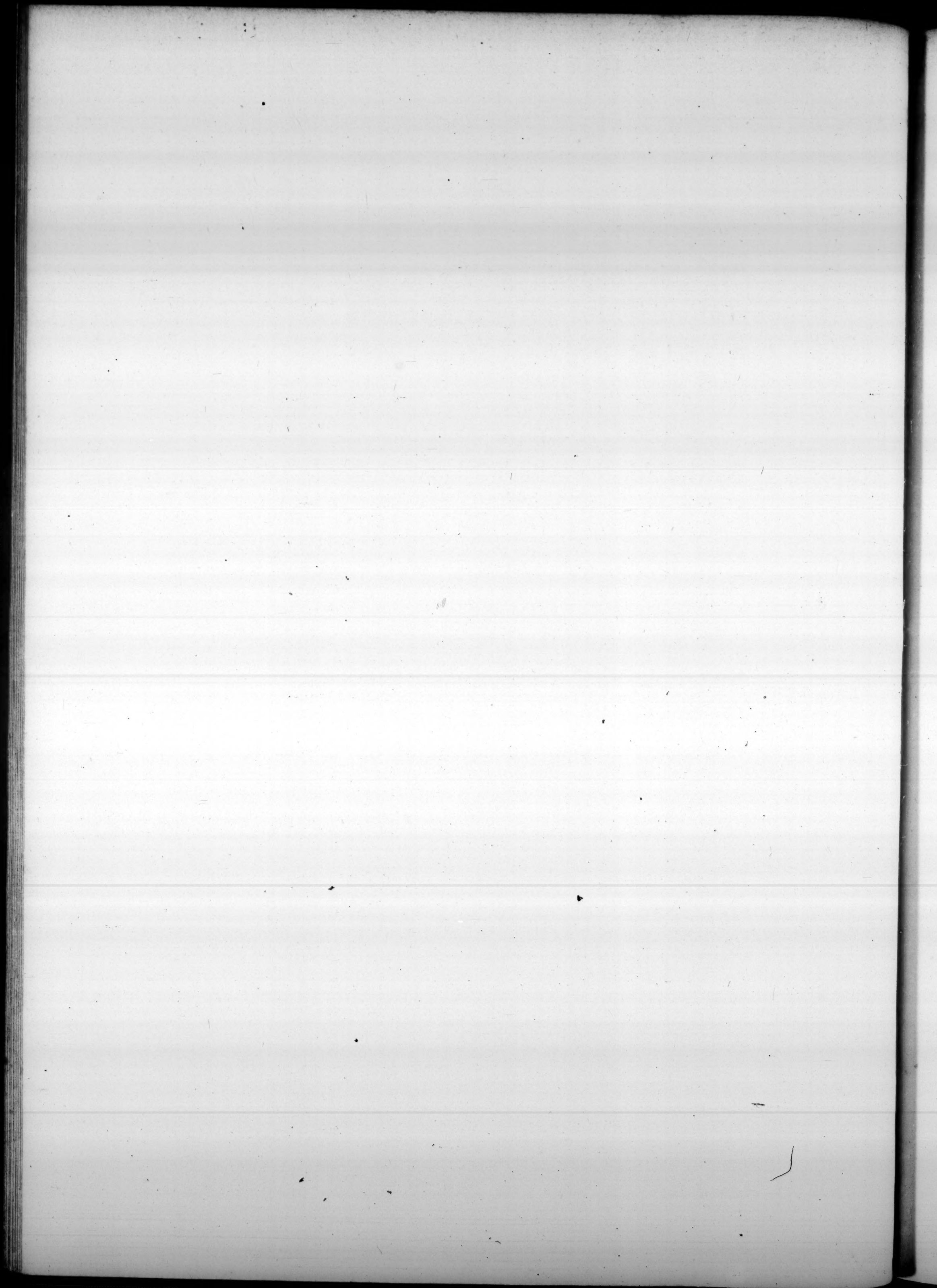
Who prowl'd the country far and near,
 Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
 Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
 And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,
 Swore by her coronet and ermine,
 She'd issue out her high commission
 To rid the manour of such vermin.

The Heroines undertook the task,
 Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,
 Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
 But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

l

The



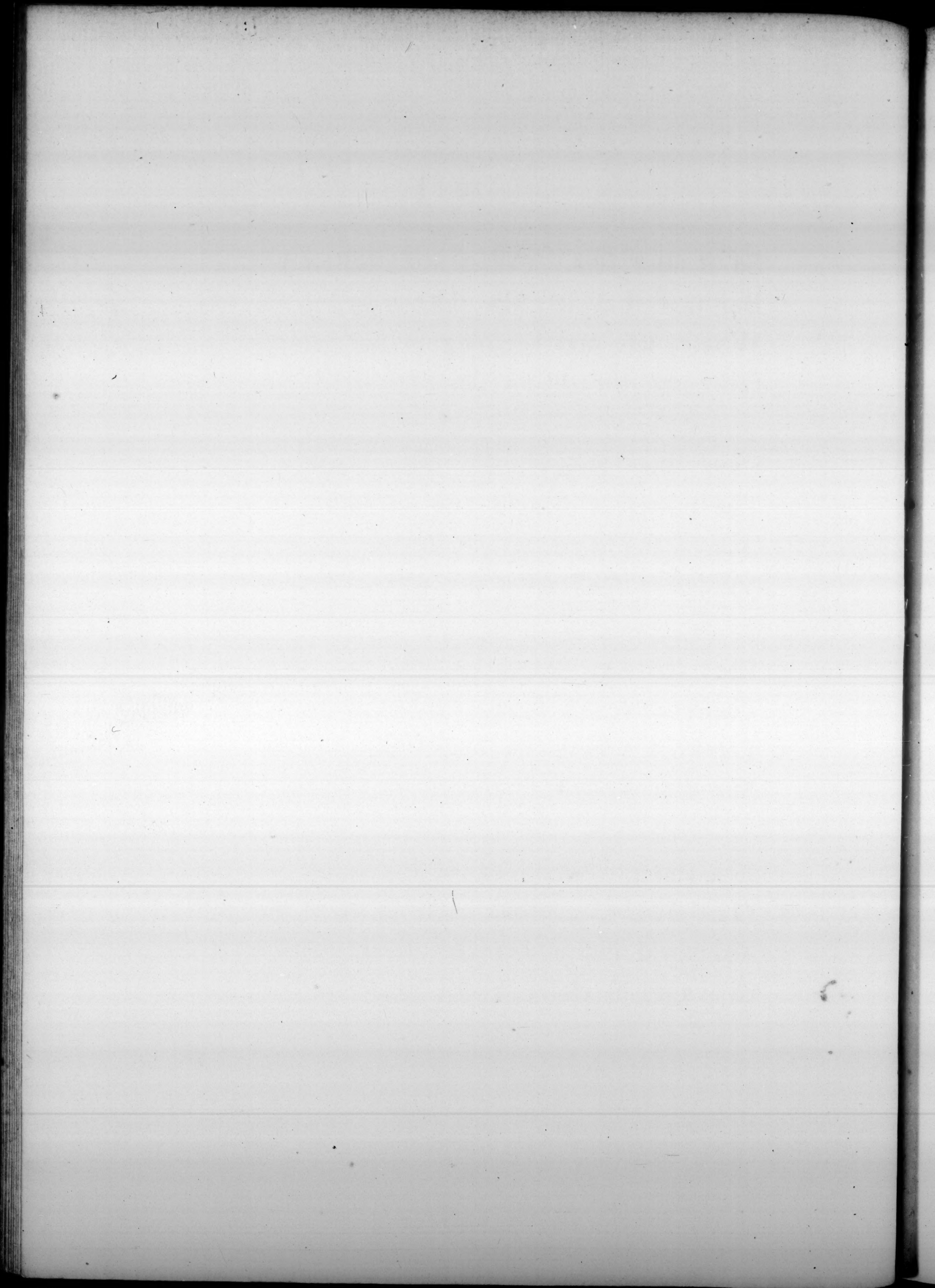
The trembling family they daunt,
 They flirt, they fang, they laugh, they tattle,
 Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,
 And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
 Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
 Run hurry-fkurry round the floor,
 And o'er the bed and tester clamber,

Into the Drawers and China pry,
 Papers and books, a huge Imbroglia !
 Under a tea-cup he might lie,
 Or creased, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops
 The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
 Convey'd him underneath their hoops
 To a small closet in the garden.

So



So Rumor says. (Who will, believe.)
 But that they left the door a-jar,
 Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
 He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew,
 The power of Magic was no fable.
 Out of the window, whisk, they flew,
 But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle
 The poet felt a strange disorder :
 Transparent birdlime form'd the middle,
 And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the Apparatus,
 The powerful pothooks did so move him,
 That, will he, nill he, to the Great-house
 He went, as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phoebus he preferr'd his case,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel,
But with a blush on recollection
Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The Court was fat, the Culprit there,
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping
The Lady *Janes* and *Joans* repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping:

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry
(**Styack* has often seen the fight)
Or at the chapel-door stand sentry;

* The HOUSE-KEEPER.

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
 Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
 High Dames of honour once, that garnish'd
 The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary!

The Peerefs comes. The Audience stare,
 And doff their hats with due submission:
 She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
 To all the People of condition.

The Bard with many an artful fib,
 Had in imagination fenc'd him,
 Disprov'd the arguments of * *Squib*,
 And all that † *Groom* could urge against him.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
 When he the solemn hall had seen;
 A sudden fit of ague shook him,
 He stood as mute as poor ‡ *Macleane*.

* *Groom of the Chambers.*

† *The Steward.*

‡ *A famous Highwayman hang'd the week before.*

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
 ‘ How in the park beneath an old-tree
 ‘ (Without design to hurt the butter,
 ‘ Or any malice to the poultry),

 ‘ He once or twice had penn’d a sonnet;
 ‘ Yet hoped, that he might save his bacon:
 ‘ Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
 ‘ He ne’er was for a conj’rer taken.’

The ghostly Prudes with hagg’d face
 Already had condemn’d the sinner.
 My Lady rose, and with a grace - - - -
 She smiled, and bid him come to dinner.

‘ Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
 ‘ Why, what can the Viscountess mean?’
 (Cried the square Hoods in woful fidget)
 ‘ The times are alter’d quite and clean!

‘ Decorum’s

‘ Decorum’s turn’d to mere civility ;
 ‘ Her air and all her manners shew it.
 ‘ Commend me to her affability !
 ‘ Speak to a Commoner and Poet !’

[Here 500 Stanzas are lost.]

And so God save our noble King,
 And guard us from long-winded Lubbers,
 That to eternity would sing,
 And keep my Lady from her Rubbers.







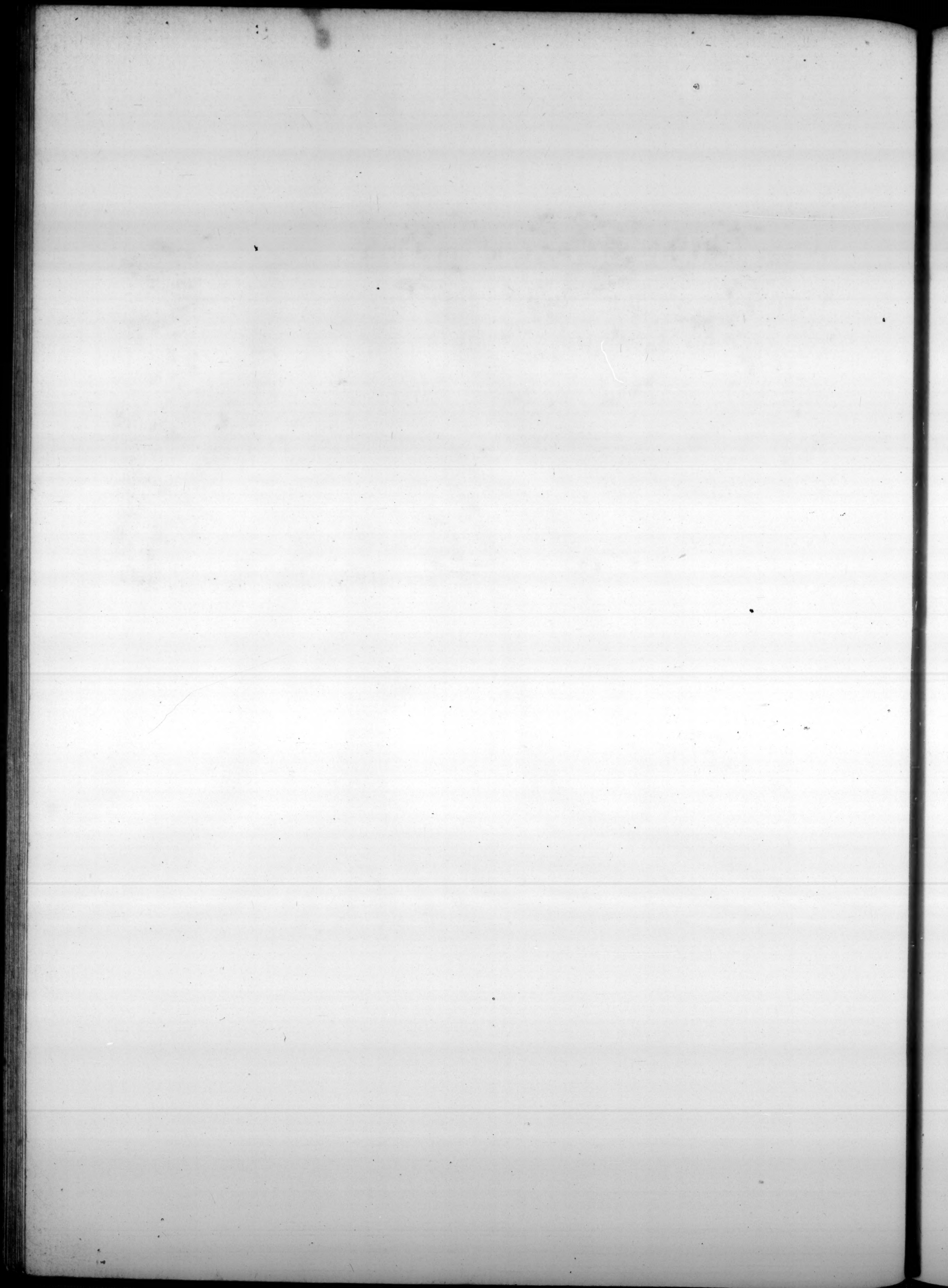
HYMN to ADVERSITY.



DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Power,
 Thou Tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
 The Bad affright, afflict the Best!

Bound in thine adamantine chain,
 The Proud are taught to taste of Pain,
 And purple Tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When



When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling Child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heav'nly Birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore:
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe;
 By vain Prosperity received,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in fable garb array'd
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :
 Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
 With Justice to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy Suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful Band
 (As by the Impious thou art seen)
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy

Thy form benign, Oh Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic Train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart,
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a Man.



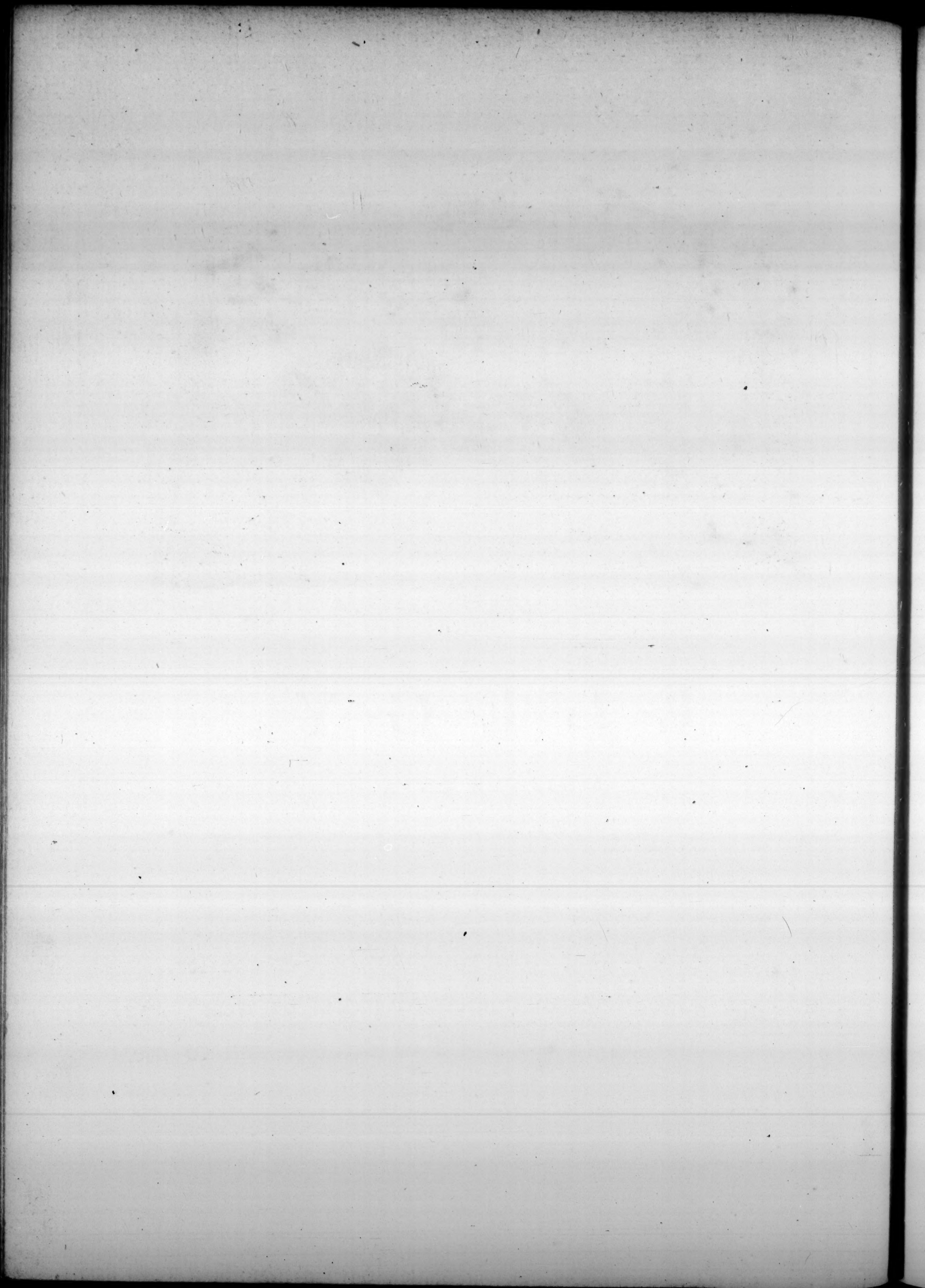


E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A
COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.



HE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now



Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

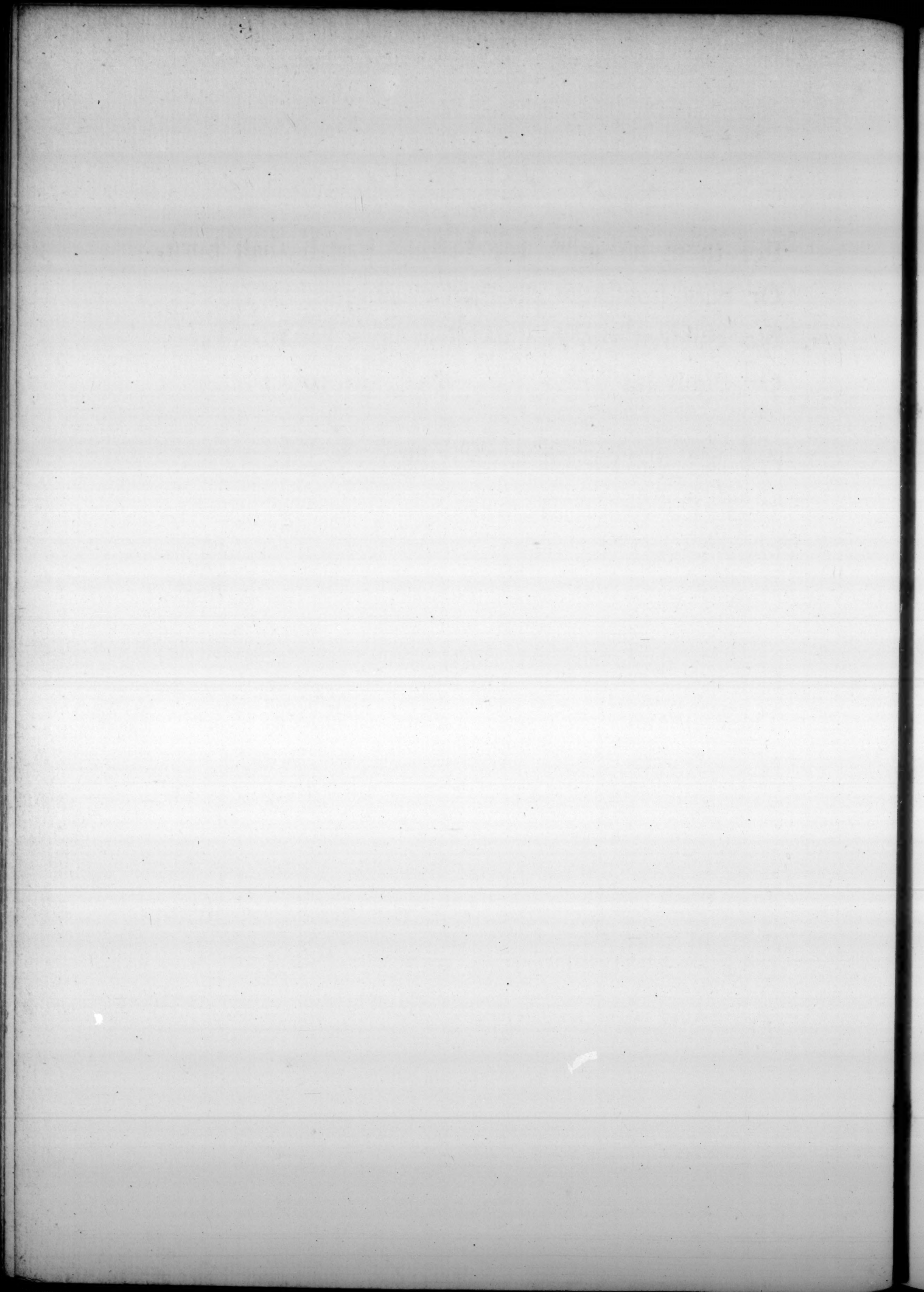
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

r

For



For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lip their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their fickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
 If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little Tyrant of his fields withstood ;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad : nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

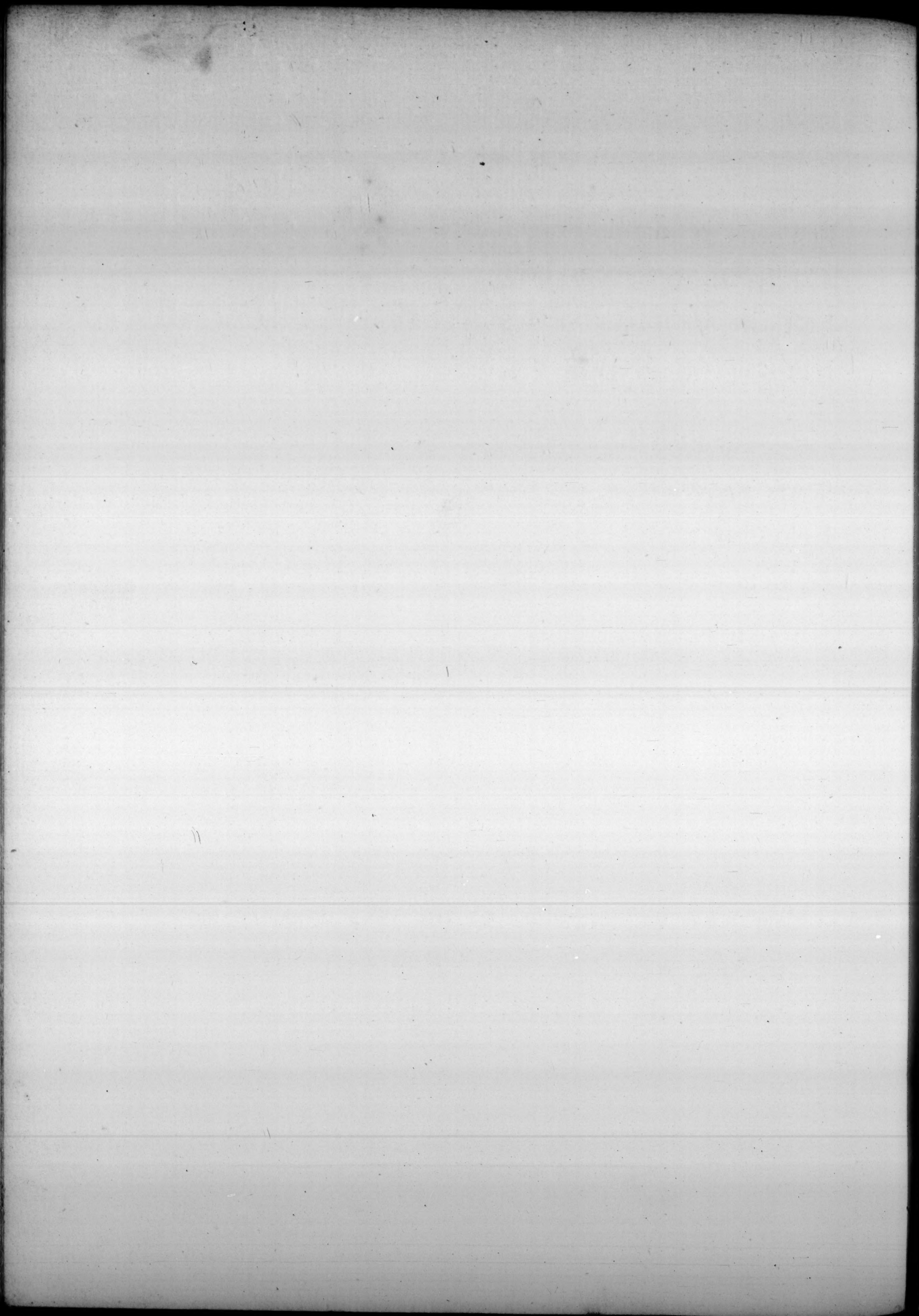
For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There

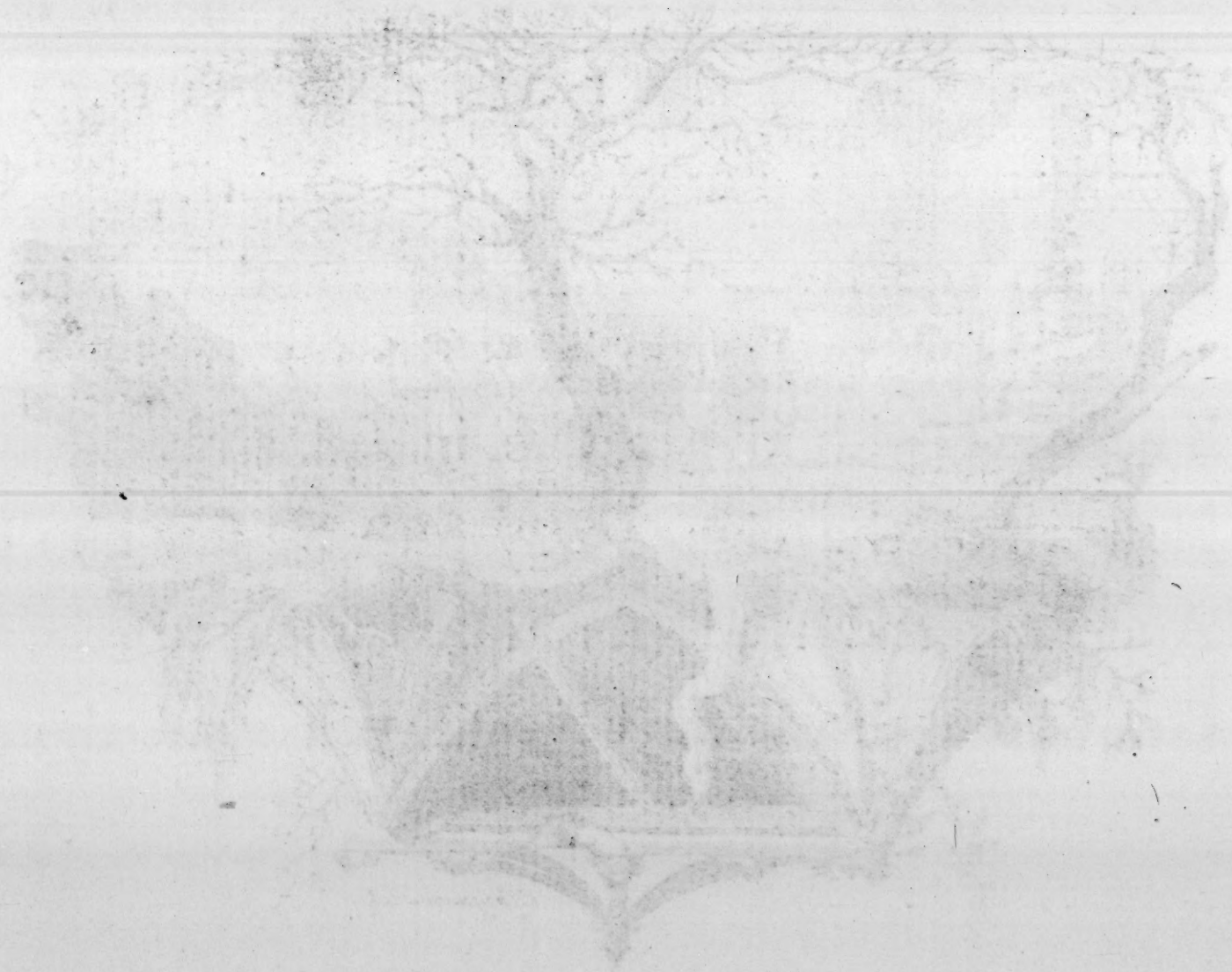


‘ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 ‘ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 ‘ His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 ‘ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

 ‘ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 ‘ Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
 ‘ Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
 ‘ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

 ‘ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
 ‘ Along the heath and near his fav’rite tree;
 ‘ Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 ‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

 ‘ The next with dirges due in sad array
 ‘ Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him born.
 ‘ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.



The E P I T A P H.

*HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.*



O D E S

B Y

Mr. G R A Y.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ-----

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

X

O D E.

I. I.

A W A K E, Æolian Lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take :
 The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :
 Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
 The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

Oh !

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the fullen Cares,
And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War,
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the scept'red hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day

With

With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures ;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet :
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare :
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way :
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II. I.

Man's feeble race what Ills await,
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,

Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky :
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shiv'ring Native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddes roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame.
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Egæan deep, Fields,

Fields, that cool Iliffus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering Lab'rincths creep,
How do your tuneful Echo's languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
Where each old poetic Mountain
Inspiration breath'd around:
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd Fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They fought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. I.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To Him the mighty Mother did unveil

Her

Her awful face : The dauntless Child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year :
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy !
This can unlock the gates of Joy ;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time :
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two Coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more-----
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far----but far above the Great.

THE following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that EDWARD THE FIRST, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

O D E II.

I. I.

‘ **R** U I N seize thee, ruthless King!
 ‘ Confusion on thy banners wait,
 ‘ Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing
 ‘ They mock the air with idle state.
 ‘ Helm, nor Hauberk’s twisted mail,
 ‘ Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 ‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 ‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!’
 Such were the sounds, that o’er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance:
 To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch’d his quiv’ring lance.

On

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow,
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the fable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
' Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
' Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
' O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
' Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
' To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
' That hush'd the stormy main:

' Brave

- ‘ Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
- ‘ Mountains, ye mourn in vain
- ‘ Modred, whose magic song
- ‘ Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top’d head.
- ‘ On dreary Arvon’s shore they lie,
- ‘ Smear’d with gore, and ghastly pale :
- ‘ Far, far aloof th’ affrighted ravens fail ;
- ‘ The famish’d Eagle screams, and passes by.
- ‘ Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
- ‘ Dear, as the light, that visits these sad eyes,
- ‘ Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
- ‘ Ye died amidst your dying country’s cries-----
- ‘ No more I weep. They do not sleep.
- ‘ On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
- ‘ I see them sit, they linger yet,
- ‘ Avengers of their native land :
- ‘ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
- ‘ And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. I.

- “ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
- “ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race.

“ Give ample room, and verge enough
“ The characters of hell to trace.
“ Mark the year, and mark the night,
“ When Severn shall re-echo with affright
“ The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkley’s roofs that ring,
“ Shrieks of an agonizing king!
“ She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
“ That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
“ From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
“ The scourge of Heav’n. What terrors round him wait!
“ Amazement in his van, with Flight combin’d,
“ And sorrow’s faded form, and solitude behind.

II. 2.

“ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
“ Low on his funeral couch he lies!
“ No pitying heart, no eye, afford
“ A tear to grace his obsequies.
“ Is the fable Warriour fled?
“ Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
“ The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
“ Gone to salute the rising Morn.

“ Fair

“ Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
“ While proudly riding o’er the azure realm
“ In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;
“ Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
“ Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind’s fway,
“ That, hush’d in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

II. 3.

“ * Fill high the sparkling bowl,
“ The rich repast prepare,
“ Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
“ Close by the regal chair
“ Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
“ A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
“ Heard ye the din of battle bray,
“ Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
“ Long Years of havock urge their destined course,
“ And thro’ the kindred squadrons mow their way.

* Richard the Second, as we are told by Archbishop Scroop, Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older Writers, was starved to death. The story of his Assassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

“ Ye

" Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 " Revere his Confort's faith, his Father's fame,
 " And spare the meek Ufurper's holy head.
 " Above, below, the rose of snow,
 " Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
 " The bristled Boar in infant-gore
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 " Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 2.

" Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we the woof. The Thread is spun.)"
 " * Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 " (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
 ' Stay, ho stay! nor thus forlorn
 ' Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn :

* Elenor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen in several parts of England.

- ‘ In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
- ‘ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
- ‘ But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height
- ‘ Descending flow their glitt’ring skirts unroll?
- ‘ Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
- ‘ Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!
- ‘ No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
- ‘ All hail*, ye genuine Kings, Britannia’s Issue, hail!

III. 2.

- ‘ Girt with many a Baron bold
- ‘ Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
- ‘ And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
- ‘ In bearded majesty appear.
- ‘ In the midst a Form divine!
- ‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;
- ‘ Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
- ‘ Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.

* Accession of the Line of Tudor.

- ‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
- ‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play!
- ‘ Hear from the grave, great Talieffin*, hear;
- ‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
- ‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
- ‘ Waves in the eye of Heav’n her many-colour’d wings.

III. 3.

- ‘ The verse adorn again
- ‘ Fierce War, and faithful Love,
- ‘ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
- ‘ In buskin’d measures move
- ‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
- ‘ With Horrour, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
- ‘ A Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
- ‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear;
- ‘ And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
- ‘ That lost in long futurity expire.

* Talieffin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the VIth Century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his Countrymen.

‘ Fond impious Man, think’st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the Orb of day?
‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
‘ Enough for me: With joy I see
‘ The different doom our Fates assign.
‘ Be thine Despair, and scept’red Care,
‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain’s height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endless night.



F I N I S.



